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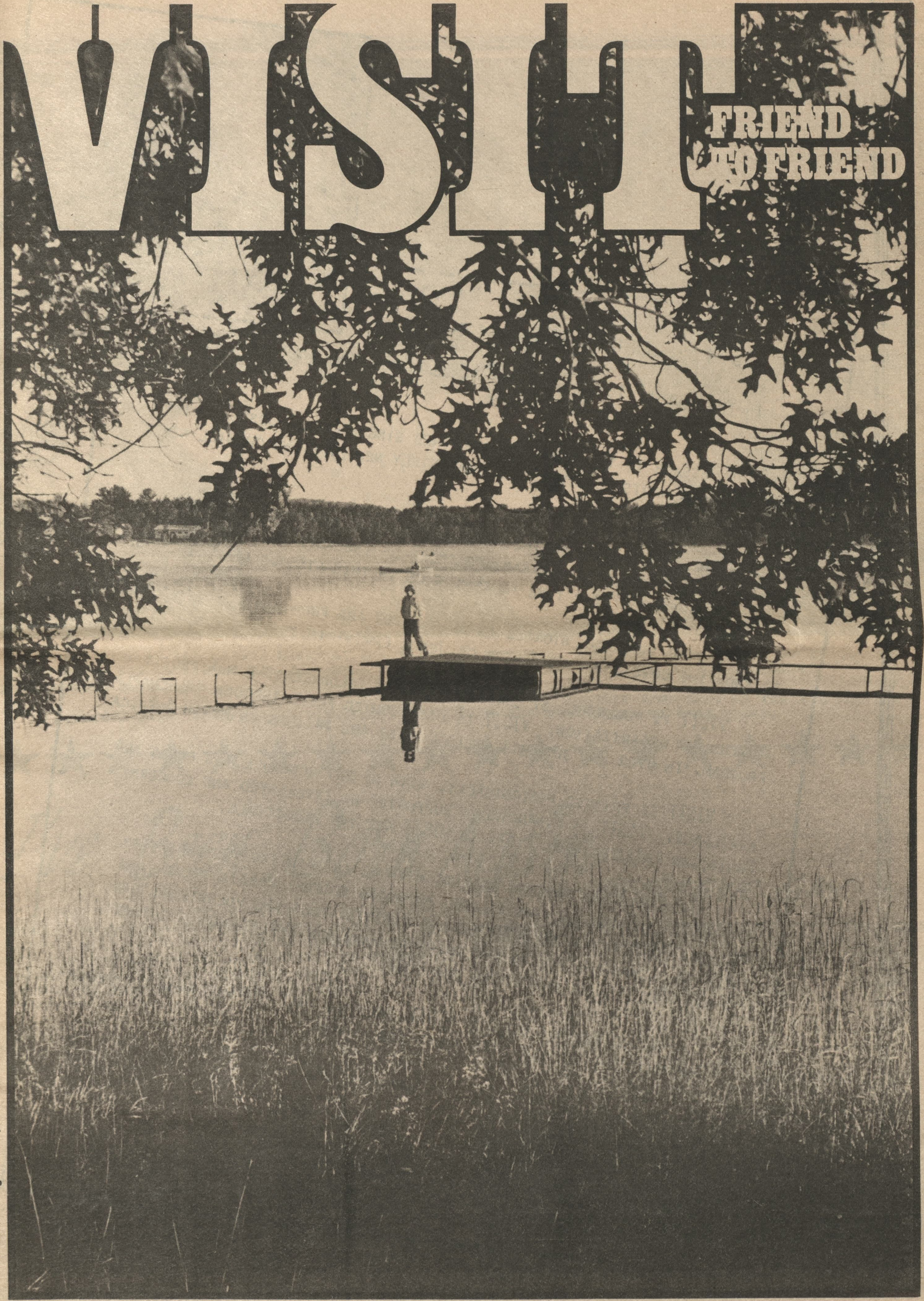
Duane Pederson

Christian Prison Volunteers

Jackson Wilcox

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Christian Prison Volunteers
Box 1949 · Hollywood, CA · 90028



Volume 1 · Issue 2



THIS IS OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF PUBLISHING.

IN THE FALL OF 1969, THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER (NOW CALLED VISIT), HIT THE STREETS.

THE MESSAGE IN THE PAPER HAS REMAINED SINGLE FOCUS -JESUS CHRIST LOVES YOU AND WANTS TO GIVE YOU A COMPLETELY NEW LIFE, WHICH WILL NEVER END.

IN THIS ISSUE MANY OF THE THOUGHT PROVOKING CARTOONS FROM PAST ISSUES ARE REPRINTED, A PLEASANT REMINDER OF THE VERY TALENTED PEOPLE WHO HAVE GIVEN OF THEIR TIME TO ASSIST US IN THIS MISSION OF PUBLISHING.

THE FOUR PERSONAL STORIES IN THIS ISSUE ARE FROM MEN WHO HAVE COME TO KNOW THE LOVE AND FORGIVENESS OF JESUS CHRIST IN THEIR LIVES.

VISIT IS PUBLISHED BY CHRISTIAN PRISON VOLUNTEERS, A NON-PROFIT MISSIONARY ORGANIZATION. VISIT IS DISTRIBUTED FREE, THROUGH THE CHAPLAINS PROGRAM, IN OVER 270 JUVENILE HALLS, JAILS AND PRISONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

VISIT IS PRINTED PERIODICALLY, WITH NO SET SCHEDULE, AS FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE. VISIT IS FINANCIALLY SUPPORTED BY INTERESTED AND CONCERNED CHRISTIAN FRIENDS. ALL GIFTS TO VISIT ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

THE CHRISTIAN FRIENDS WORKING WITH ME IN BRINGING YOU THIS COPY OF VISIT INCLUDE: JACKSON WILCOX, MANAGING EDITOR; MARGIE WILCOX AND GEORGIA MORTON, OUR SECRETARIES AND TYPISTS; PLUS THE VOLUNTEERS WHO HELP IN PACKAGING, BOXING AND SHIPPING; AND OUR ENTIRE PRAYER SUPPORT FAMILY WHO JOIN ME IN PRAYING FOR YOU.

AS YOU READ THIS COPY OF VISIT, WE PRAY THAT YOU MAY KNOW THE PEACE OF ALMIGHTY GOD IN YOUR LIFE TODAY AND ALWAYS.

GOD BLESS YOU,

Duane
DUANE PEDERSON
EDITOR



A bathtub in the prison hospital was the place where six Christian men in Lompoc Federal Prison were baptised.

Reverend Duane Pederson, a volunteer

chaplain, immersed each of the men following prayer and the reading of scripture.

The stories from four of the six men are on the next pages of this paper.



I've Been Born Again

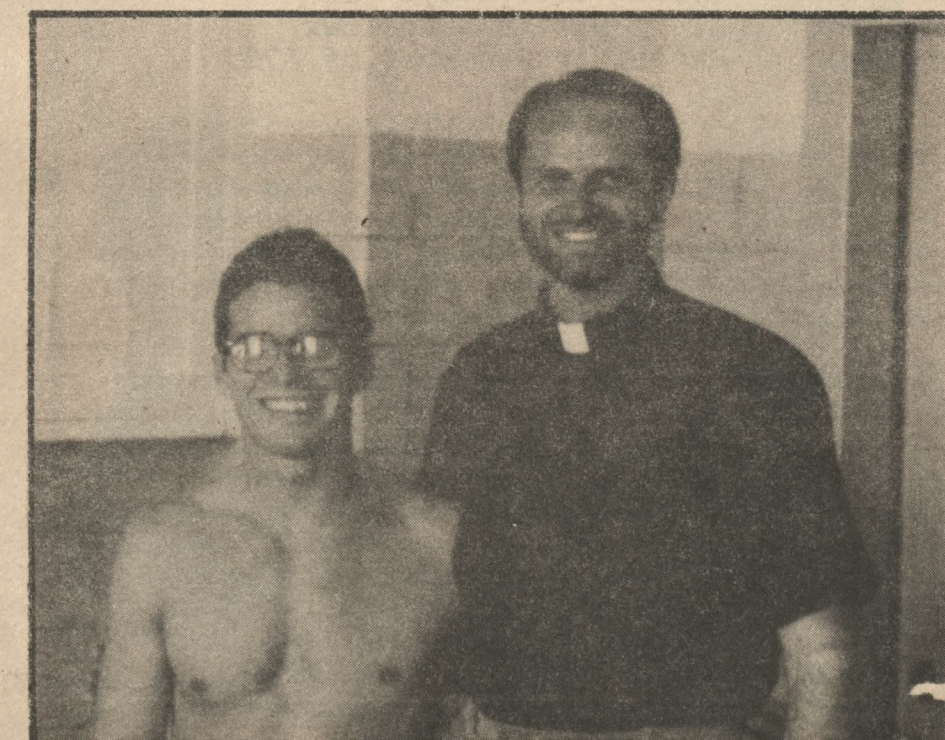
— BY STEVE GAY

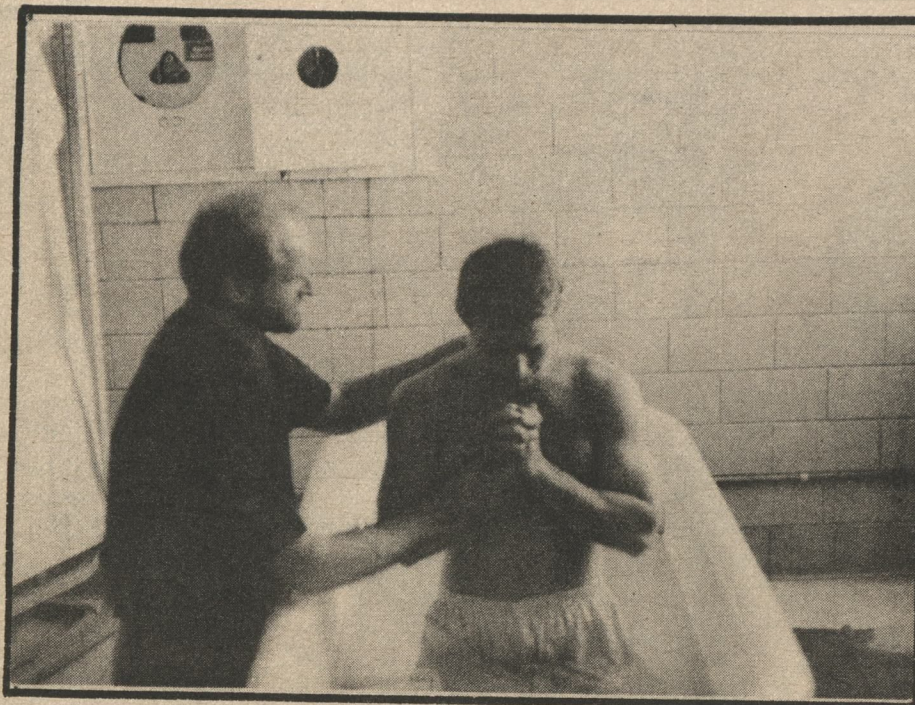
I don't want to say a whole lot about myself or my past; the things I have done or haven't done. I'm not going to speak about all the PAST crimes and sins that I have committed. I do want to say this though, today I am a new man! I even look different!

I spent 24 years searching for the truth but never was able to fill that longing by worldly ways. Believe me I tried! And although I've been satisfied many times by the "goodies" of this world, each was temporary and left me just as empty as before.

I'm now doing 99 years for the Federal Government and have a life detainer for the State of Michigan. Two years ago after 2½ years of Federal time (I've been here 4½ yrs) and after all the "con games" of prison had burned themselves out, I found the truth I had been searching for so long.

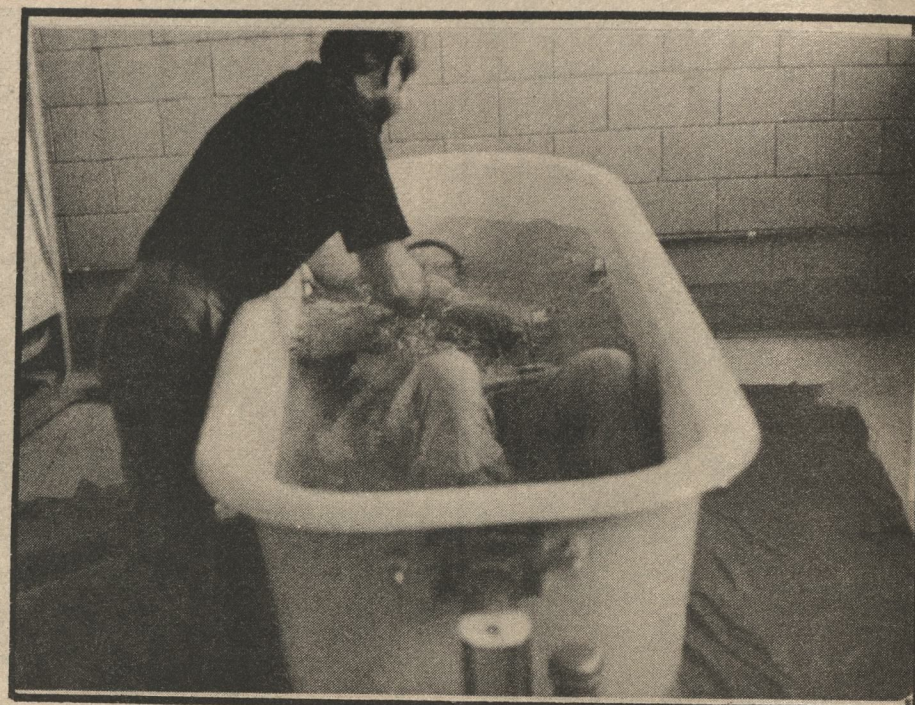
I tried hard to believe that my rebellion was justified but I was only lying to myself.





Prison had given me the opportunity to slow down and take a good look at myself. I didn't like what I saw! It is in prison I learned how far I was from the truth. I began to see myself for the deceived, blinded man I WAS.

In 1976 (after about 8 years of jail and prison time) through the guidance of the Holy Spirit and my sincere desire to know the truth, I accepted Jesus as my personal savior. Jesus saved me from all the lies and "crap" that this world was (still is) trying to shove down my throat! The emptiness I once felt is gone. I am happier today, in this prison even, than I have ever been in my entire life!



I've been born again! It's like starting all over but this time with the TRUTH leading my every step. God's word is the TRUTH!! All the lying and scheming of the world has been, and is, continually brought to the light. I have been given the opportunity of a lifetime, a chance to know the TRUTH, the Creator of all the Universe, Jehovah God and His Son Jesus Christ!

If you truly desire freedom, begin by asking Jesus to reveal the TRUTH to YOU. He will!!

Life is so sweet when Jesus is the Lord!!

See Romans 10:9; John 8:32

I Can Do All Things through Christ

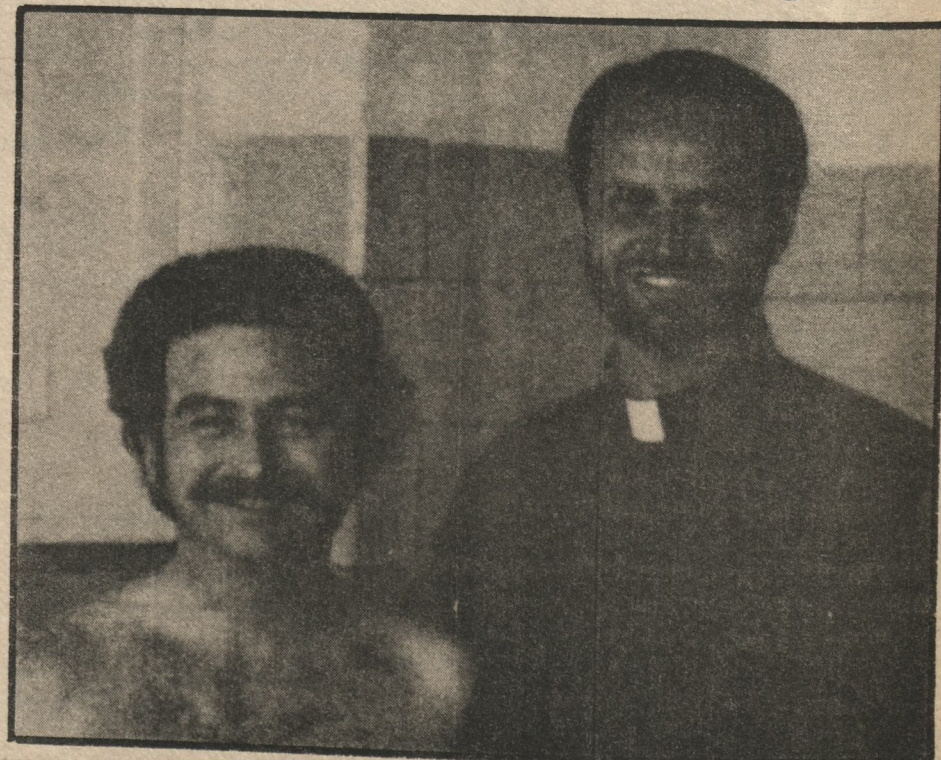
BY BILL THOMAS

I truly believe that if I hadn't gotten mad at God and cursed Him out I would still be smoking pot, drinking booze and hurting everybody. It happened while I was in a box car headed for Kansas in December of '75.

I had been robbed in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I lost \$400 and all my clothes. After that I went out and found a knife. I was looking for the guy that robbed me but I never found him. That made me all the madder. I had no money and I knew I had to get some.

The first that came to my mind was to steal. I did. But unlike the guy who robbed me, I had no compassion. I stabbed the guy I robbed and ran off with his wallet. When I looked in his wallet I found \$12. That's when I got mad at God... 12 bucks! How can God let a man get killed for a lousy 12 bucks?

Jesus hasn't answered that for me yet. But maybe that's what it took for me to come



to Christ. I don't know. I pray that that guy's wound healed and that he is in good health.

You might think this is funny. But I have to say it: PRAISE GOD FOR PRISONS!

If I had not gone to prison on a kidnap charge I would have missed the Bill Glass Crusades at McNeil Island in Washington.

There was a little man from Palm Springs, California, who stuck to me like glue. He kept telling me about Jesus Christ. If I would call on Jesus and ask Him to save me from my sins, He would come into my life. I kept getting smart with this fellow. I would tell him, "Come on, give me Jesus' telephone number and I'll call Him tomorrow morning." Or I would say, "Not now--maybe when I get out." But this fellow asked me what if there is no tomorrow? And what if I don't get out?

Now when people tell me I might not get out I become scared. I was shown a verse in the Bible: Philippians 4:13 which says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I had always been told that I couldn't do anything right. But here was somebody telling me different. Paul said that "Bill Thomas can do all things through Christ who gives all the strength I need."

On July 29, 1976, I accepted the Lord into my heart. And He started changing me right there. That's why I say, "Praise God for prisons."

Now I'm at Lompoc. This has to be the best college or school I have attended. The love and enthusiasm I find in the Christian brothers here makes you want to find out about the Lord and to do His will all the more. The prayers are remarkable. Every morning I pray for an hour with several of the brothers. We have prayer groups all over the prison. There are Bible studies every day and chapel almost every night. We have a group we call Convicts for Christ where we get a chance to give thanks and praise to God.

It took a brick wall to show me the Way, the Truth and the Life. Romans 8:28 tells why I had to come to prison.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men. God the Father has forgiven me of the sin that was in the past. That is now and forever.

The Body of Christ is growing and growing fast. The day is short and far spent. If you haven't received Jesus as your personal Lord and Saviour, or if you don't know how, read John 3:15-17. After you act on this, you have a sure foundation for a new life in Jesus.

I love you all. God bless you.

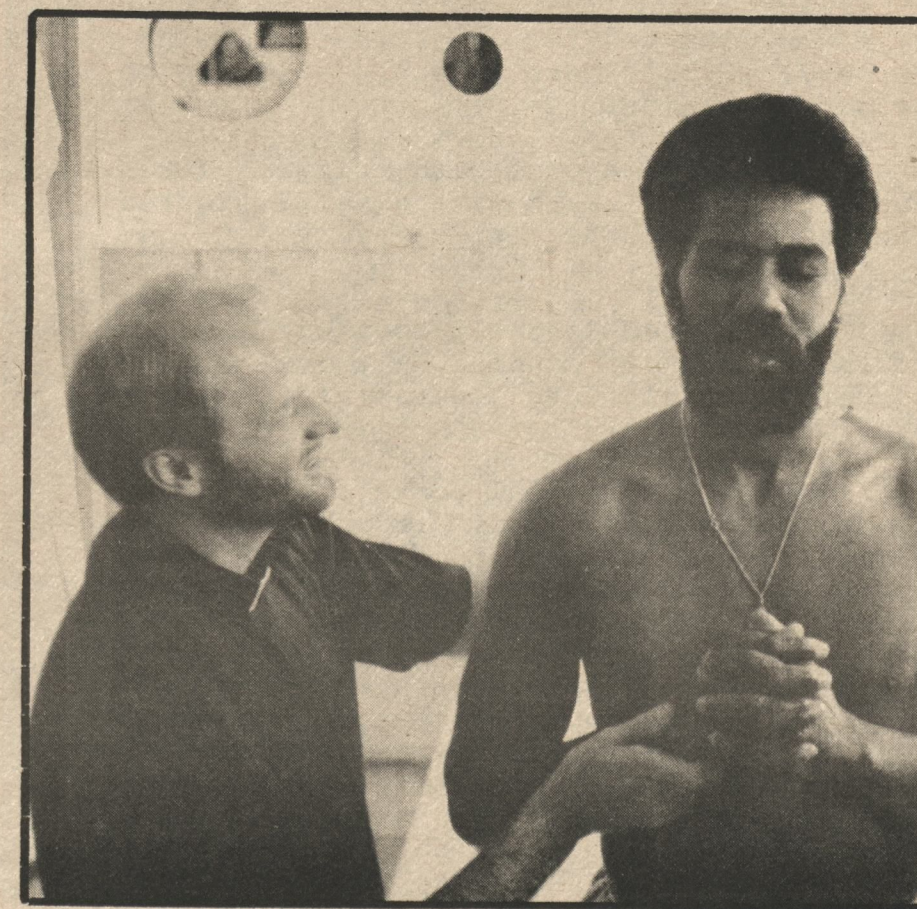
My Greatest Thrill

BY JOHN L. FORTE

The greatest thrill in my life thus far is my membership in the family of God. The strange thing is that the whole deal is so simple that I managed to overlook it for 28 years. Let me share my testimony with you.

As a kid I was never in much trouble. I spent most of my time playing sports and dreaming about becoming a professional athlete.

The night my class had its senior prom I had a surprising experience. I borrowed my uncle's car which was fairly new. I drank and partied all night. In the morning I was on my way home, going about 20 miles per hour over the speed limit. I lost control of the car. I crossed the center dividing line, crashed into a Volkswagen, skidded into a tree and rolled another 50 feet where I came to a stop at the edge of a cliff. I was angry and scared. I just sat there until the police came. They took care of the people in the VW and then came and told me that I was fortunate. I didn't know what to think; it sounded like a joke. I got out of the car and looked over the cliff--300 feet straight down. Somehow I managed to make the comment that the old boy must have been lucky after all.



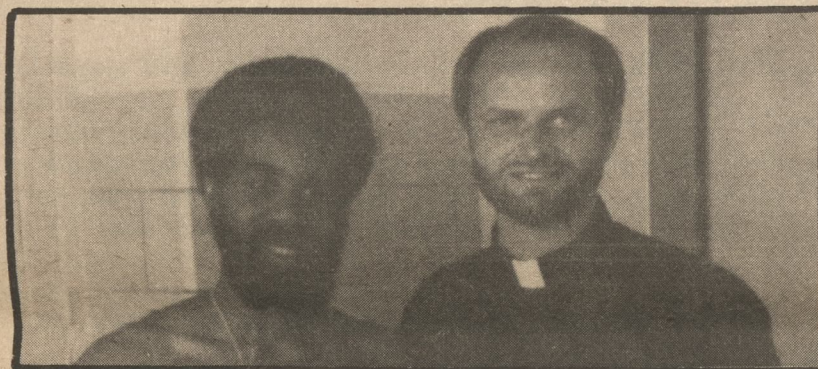
But really, now I know there is no such thing as luck.

A year later I joined the United States Marine Corps. I was looking for excitement so I volunteered for duty in Vietnam. I got my wish and when I got to Nam I found it was not near as great as I thought it would be.

People were getting arms and legs blown off. Lives were being lost. It was a common occurrence for guys to step on booby traps and lose both arms and legs. You could even be walking behind a guy who stepped on one and get it. I managed a simple prayer, saying, "God, I don't want to get hurt or lose my arms or legs."

Praise God! He brought me through! I was never hurt. Once a sniper took a shot at me from 20 feet away. He missed! At that time, again I thought the old boy was lucky. But now I know better. Praise God!

When I came back to the United States I was stationed at Camp Pendleton. Slowly I got involved with drugs and other things that wouldn't profit me.



On a June day in 1973 two of my friends robbed a bank. I planned the robbery. So they picked me up too. I received 7 years for this. I spent 2½ years in jail and then was paroled.

The next two years I spent on the street. Then in 1977 I robbed a bank by myself. I thought I had gotten away clear. But...here I am doing 15 years. When I went to court to get sentenced it was a real low point in my life. I had a family and loved ones and a young son I had not seen since he was a month old. I knew that a lot of people were hurt by my stupidity.

When I realized the weight of my mistake I called out for help. But there was no one to hear. No one! Rejected on every front, I began to think about Jesus. There was nowhere else to turn. I read the Bible daily in my cell. I asked the Lord if He was real. Would He come into my life and help me because my life was in terrible shape. I didn't see thunder or lightning, but as I read the Bible more I found out about a relationship I had with God. All the blessings started flowing my way.

Everyone who needs help ought to know that Jesus is available to meet every need. All He needs is an invitation to come into a life. I know what the Lord means when He says, "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your minds and hearts through Christ Jesus." (Philippians 4:7)

This peace was always there for me. It is there for anyone who will call on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Heart Surgery Led Me to Jesus

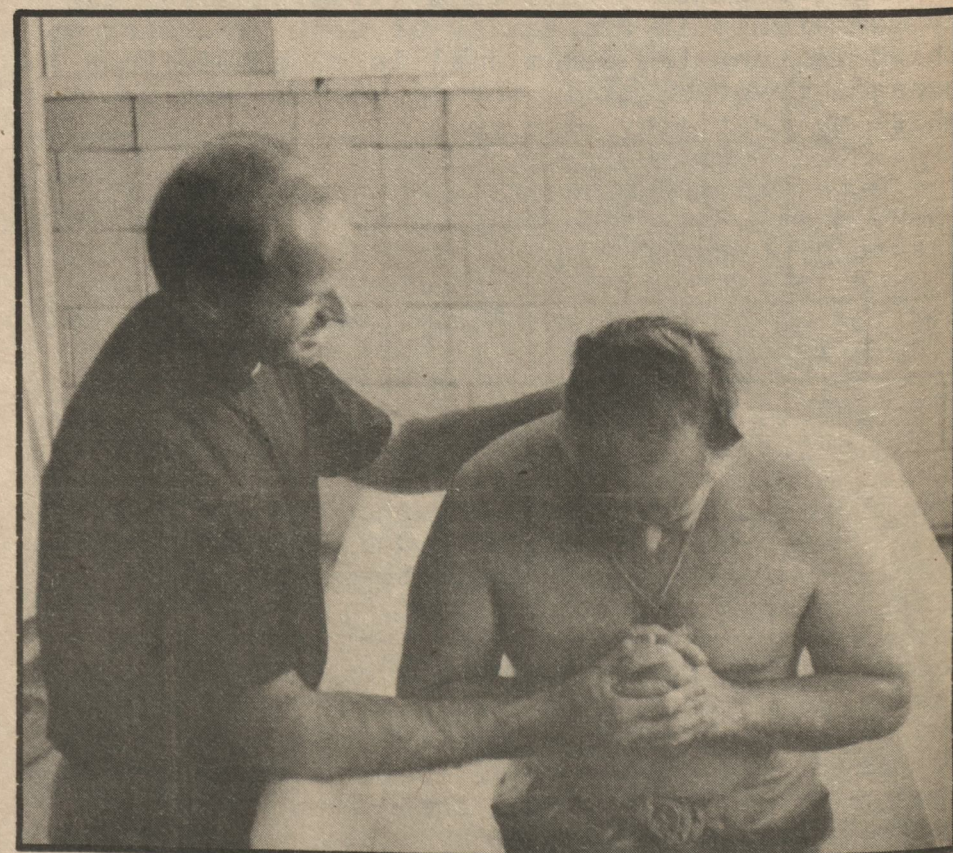
-BY MICHAEL VARTANIAN

IF ANY ONE WOULD have told me that some day I would be writing an article praising the Lord, I would have probably told him he was going bananas.

Oh, I played around with religion for a few years but it was just a game. I figured that it would be the best way for me to get out of prison.

Once released I went my own way back to double dealing and conning. I never once thought God could have a personal interest in me or the life I led.

I was in the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri, awaiting transportation to Lexington, Kentucky, when I was struck down with a massive heart attack. I knew it was all over for me. I could feel the touch of death upon me. What bothered me the most was the fact that there was no one who cared enough about me to care. I was all alone and facing something that scared me. I didn't want to die--not like that in a strange hospital with a number after my name. I even thought of how I would be buried. Would there be anyone there to grieve for me?



I was transported to St. John's Hospital in the city of Springfield to undergo quadruple coronary by-pass surgery. I was sure I knew what the outcome would be. Once put asleep on the table I would never awaken. I was laying there just a day before the scheduled surgery when a little old lady with an unforgettable smile walked into my room. She asked me if there was anything she could do for me. I could not think of a thing. I just lay there and stared at her and left so sorry for myself.

She asked me if I knew the Lord. I remember saying to myself, "Boy, this is all I need, a Bible toter."

She spoke of Jesus and how He loved me. She told me about His love for all of us and she prayed for me. Every word seemed to strike into my soul. She was saying all the things that I could never bring myself to say to any one. She was asking Jesus to heal me, to save me from the hell prepared for the lost. Then she placed her hand upon my chest and the pain that had been constant left. There is no explaining it, one second it was there tearing me apart and the next it was gone as if it never was there to begin with. I could breathe and I could move without torment. The fear that had been building up within me for days vanished. She took my hand and remained at my side for almost an hour reading verses from the little Bible that she carried with her. I found myself asking questions. Not "game" questions, but real deep rooted questions that I had never asked anyone before. Still smiling she gave me answers that filled my heart with a hope.

When she had left I found a small Bible beside me where she had been. I picked it up and started reading for the first time. Each word hit home and each word seemed to be written just for me. It was the wee hours of the morning when I finally fell asleep. Since her touch I felt no pain and just before I called it a night the nurse asked me if I needed a pain shot. I didn't! I felt good, not only in body but in mind, too.

Early the next morning as I was being wheeled into the surgery suite, my hand was closed tightly around that little Bible. There was no fear in me. The night before I had asked the Lord to accept me as one of His own and I knew that He had. He was with me, right there in the suite while I was being prepared for the operation.

I felt the stick of a needle in my wrist. I prepared for the drug to take hold...the next thing I knew I was in the recovery room. The first face I saw was that of the little old lady. I chuckled to myself for the thought that I must be in heaven came to me. That's the only place I ever expect to see that little old lady again. The surgery was over and it was a success and I still felt no pain at all, not one bit.

The next evening I was taken back to my room on the surgical ward. When I was asked what I cared to eat, I asked for a banana split. I got it, too, and ate every last wonderful spoonful. My chest had been split wide open and my leg had been cut to remove a vein which was now part of my heart. I felt wonderful and I knew for a fact that God did

care for me, that all I had been hearing for years was true. Jesus was real! What a great feeling that was to know that I finally belonged, that I was His.

Now I am in California, still in prison but it's all different. Prison has become a school for me to learn about Jesus, and how He sent a little old lady to bring me His word. There is no way I can describe my feelings right now as I write this testimony for VISIT. All things have become new and as a child I am learning about God and trying to walk in His footsteps. There still isn't any pain. There hasn't been from the moment that I was touched in that hospital room.

I am able to work as I had before. I have met other children of the King. No longer am I alone, afraid of death. I have been promised eternal life with Him who loves me.

Someday I shall walk up those stairs that lead to His mansions that were prepared for me; I shall see His face and the smile that I know will be there when we meet. Meanwhile I have work to do, people to speak with...His will to obey. Prison is no longer a place of confinement for me. Jesus came to me while I was in prison and actually set me free. Free to praise His name...free to feel love as He placed it within me.

Jesus is walking today as He walked two thousand years ago. He is healing and He is loving us. He wanted me to listen to Him and He chose one way for me, it was the only way that I would have ever stopped to hear His words and learn the truth.

He wants to come to you, too.

What way will you chose to meet Jesus?????



A centerfold spread

FROM THE PAGES
OF PAST ISSUES

of the
HOLLYWOOD
FREE PRESS

WITH GOD... EVERY DAY
IS TRASH DAY —
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR
TRASH
PICKED
UP —
YET ?



VOL. 2, NO 12

**GOD'S
MARK
ON YOU**



God deals with individuals. No other person on earth has your thumbprint... no one else who has ever lived has had your thumbprint! God deals with individuals... He sent his only son to die on a cross for you...

God deals with individuals.

date agency

VOL. 2, NO. 8

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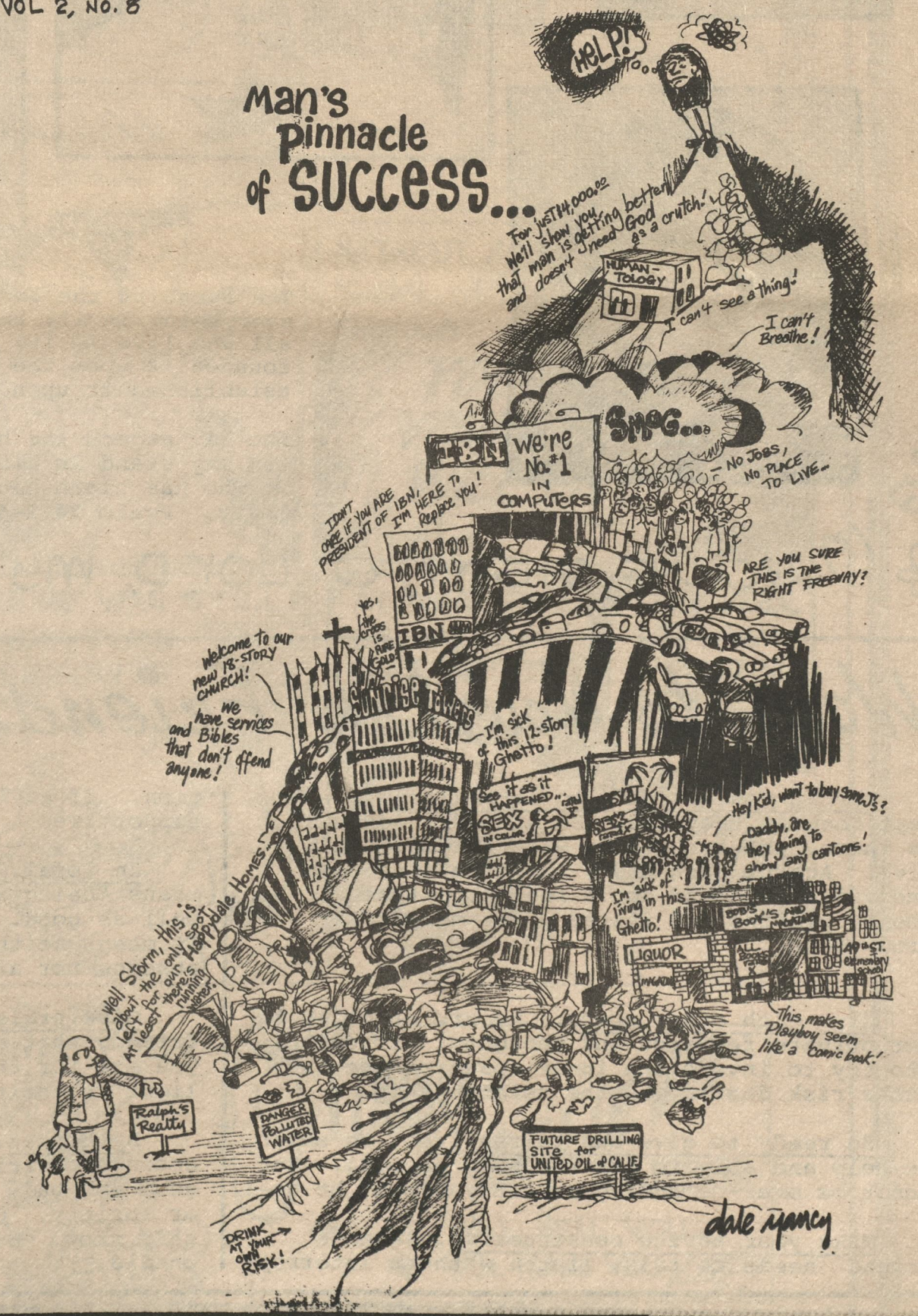
ARE YOU HASSLED... BY THE DUDES WHO ALWAYS WANT TO "SAVE YOUR SOUL"? YOU KNOW, THE GUYS WHO ARE ALWAYS RAPPING ABOUT JESUS, TELLING EVERYONE THEY'VE GOT TO REPENT AND ALL THAT. WELL, DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER... NONE OF THEM WILL BE ALLOWED IN HELL.

THE
MESSAGE
IS
STILL
THE
SAME!



VOL 2, NO. 8

Man's
Pinnacle
of SUCCESS.

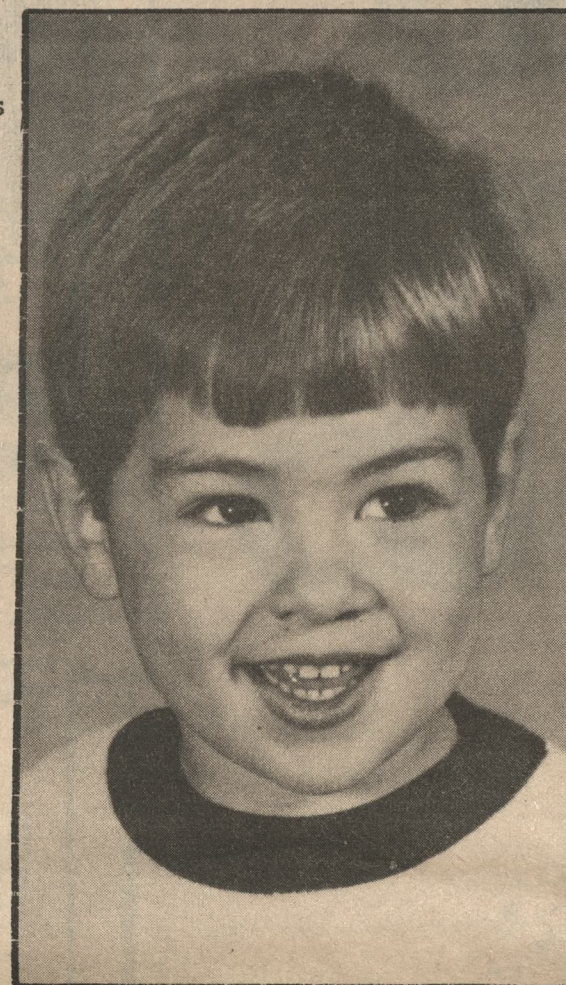


date nancy

✿ OF my mouth and the meditation ✿



Come, my children, listen to me;
I will teach you the fear of the
Lord.
Whoever of you loves life and desires
to see many good days, keep your
tongue from evil and your lips from
speaking lies. Psalm 34:11-12.



The earth is the Lord's and
everything in it, the world, and
all who live in it; for he
founded it upon the seas and
established it upon the waters.

Who may ascend the hill of the Lord?
Who may stand in his holy place?
He who has clean hands and a pure
heart. Psalm 24:1-4.

✿ IN your sight, O LORD, my rock and my ✿

Ways to Nourish Friendship

Permit your friends to be themselves. Ac-
cept them as they are. Be grateful for what
is there, not annoyed by what friends can't
give. Accept each one's imperfections--and
individuality--and don't feel threatened if
their opinions and tastes sometimes differ
from yours.

Give each other space. We are entitled to
our private feelings and thoughts. Friends
who try to invade the inner space of one an-
other risk destroying the relationship.

Be ready to give and to receive. Be eager
to help and able to ask for help as well. But
don't be over-demanding or let yourself be used.

Make your advice constructive. When a
friend needs to talk, listen without interrup-

tion. If advice is asked for, be positive and
supportive.

Be loyal. Loyalty is faithfulness. It
means "being with" your friend in bad times as
well as good. It means honoring confidence.
It means neither disparaging a friend in his
absence nor allowing others to do so.

Give praise and encouragement. Tell your
friends what you like about them, how thankful
you are for their presence in your life. De-
light in their talents, applaud their successes.

Be honest. Open communication is of the
essence of friendship. Express your feelings,
good and bad, instead of bottling up your anger
or anxiety. Clearing the air helps a relation-
ship grow. But be aware of what is better left
unsaid.

YOUR SON WILL LIVE

A CERTAIN ROYAL
OFFICIAL HURRIED FROM
HIS HOME IN CAPERNAUM
TO CANA LOOKING
FOR JESUS.

Read
JOHN
4:43
to 54

I MUST HURRY TO
THIS JESUS AND BEG
HIM TO COME AND
HEAL MY SON WHO
IS SICK UNTO
DEATH!

JACKSON
WILCOX

PLEASE COME AND
SEE MY SON
RIGHT NOW!



UNLESS YOU PEOPLE SEE MIRACULOUS
SIGNS AND WONDERS YOU WILL
NEVER BELIEVE!

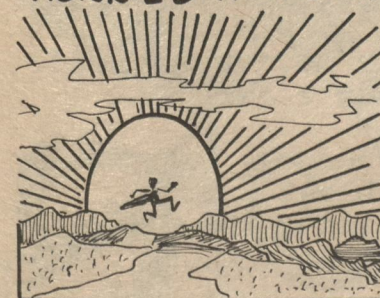
SIR, COME DOWN
BEFORE MY
CHILD
DIES!



WITHOUT ANY SPECTACULAR
SIGN, JESUS SPOKE FIRMLY,
SAYING:

**YOU MAY GO--
YOUR SON
WILL LIVE!**

ON FAITH THE
MAN TOOK
JESUS AT HIS
WORD AND
HURRIED HOME...



AND WHILE HE WAS STILL
ON THE WAY SOME
OF HIS SERVANTS
CAME OUT
TO MEET
HIM...



AT WHAT TIME
DID MY BOY
GET BETTER?



THE FEVER
LEFT HIM
YESTERDAY
AT THE
SEVENTH HOUR.



THAT WAS
THE
EXACT
TIME JESUS
HAD SAID, "YOUR
SON WILL LIVE!"

SO THE
ROYAL OFFICER
AND HIS
HOUSEHOLD
ALL
BELIEVED
IN **JESUS**



And
TODAY

JUST **BELIEVE** in JESUS

and HE WILL HEAL YOU...
HE WILL MAKE YOU **LIVE!**

ETC.

My Soul Set Free

My body may be locked in the prison
But last night my soul was set free
As I laid in my bed in the darkness
God's Spirit came softly to me.

I fell on my knees and cried, "Jesus
I waited and prayed for so long.
My burdens are many and heavy
For hundreds of things I've done wrong."

How long I knelt and prayed to thee
I guess I shall never know.
I felt my burdens all leave me
In their place was an inner glow.

This story is not such a long one
But nevertheless its true
For I am the convict that wrote this
with love, God, I wrote it for you.

--Larry Miller

He's All for You and Me

He's all for us, this man named Christ...And He exists today...Quite clearly seen and plainly heard...As we go on our way...He gives us total strength of heart...And many dreams come true...When we accept His total love...In all we say and do...He takes our many fears away...And teaches what is best...In order we might live in faith...That gives real happiness...He does erase the loneliness...And hurts we often feel...When we apply His principles...That are for free and real...So as one stops to think of this...It's more than factly true...That Christ exists and lives inside...The heart of me and you...

--R. E. Parker

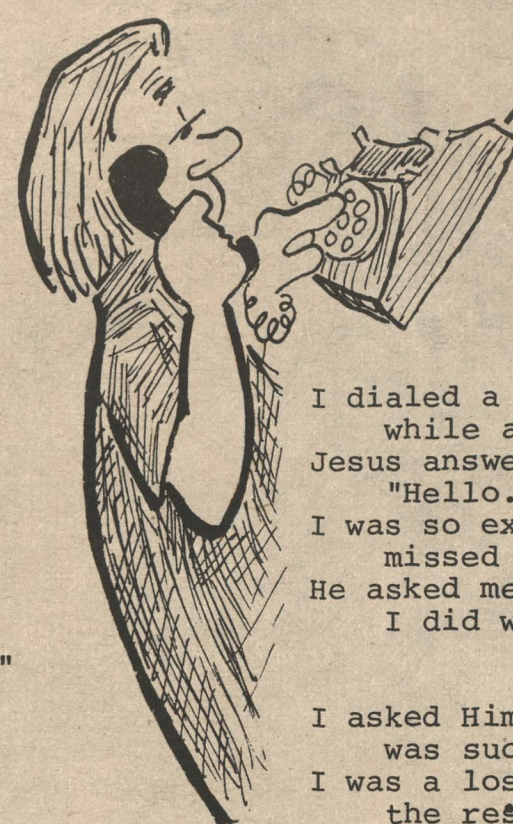
Prison Life

I sit in my cell--a sort of hell on earth it is to me
And though there are two men to a cell
still it feels sad and lonely.

I try to imagine the world outside
which now seems so vague to me.
At times the tears I cannot hide
spring from hurt and misery.

My burden is heavy and hard to bare
I could not make it alone.
But through it all, there's One who cares
My Lord, My God at the throne.

--Jimi Hendron



I Dialed a Special Number

I dialed a special number, just a while ago.
Jesus answered and I heard Him say "Hello."
I was so excited my heart almost missed a beat;
He asked me what I wanted, but all I did was weep.

I asked Him to forgive me, my life was such a mess;
I was a lost sinner along with all the rest.
I hated everybody; love I never knew;
My life was so empty and my joys so few.

He told me He'd forgive me; my God He'd always be.
I said I'd always love Him as He answered, "Come unto Me."
He blessed me with His Holy Spirit --my joy knew no bounds;
He blessed me with His constant love and a peace I'd never found.

...when I dialed a special number,
just awhile ago.

-- R. H. Delair

I Got up Early One Morning

I got up early one morning, and rushed right into the day; I had so much to accomplish that I didn't take time to pray.

Problems just tumbled about me, and heavier came each task,
"Why doesn't God help me," I wondered.
He answered, "You didn't ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty, but the day toiled on, gray and bleak.
I wondered why God didn't show me,
He said, "But you didn't seek."

I tried to come into God's presence; I used all my keys at the lock.
God gently and lovingly chided,
"My child, you didn't knock."

I woke up early this morning, and paused before entering the day.
I had so much to accomplish that I had to TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

--Unknown



I MAY BE ABLE TO SPEAK the languages of men and even of angels, but if I have not love, my speech is no more than a noisy gong or a clanging bell. I may have the gift of inspired preaching; I may have all knowledge and understand all secrets; I may have all the faith needed to move mountains—but if I have not love, I am nothing. I may give away everything I have, and even give up my body to be burned—but if I have not love, it does me no good.

LOVE IS PATIENT AND KIND; love is not jealous, or conceited, or proud; love is not ill-mannered, or selfish, or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up: its faith, hope, and patience never fails.

LOVE IS ETERNAL. There are inspired messages, but they are temporary; there are gifts of speaking, but they will cease; there is knowledge, but it will pass. For our gifts of knowledge and of inspired messages are only partial; but when what is perfect comes, then what is partial will disappear.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, my speech, feelings, and thinking were all those of a child; now that I am a man, I have no more use for childish ways. What we see now is like the dim image in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. What I know now is only partial; then it will be complete, as complete as God's knowledge of me.

MEANWHILE THESE THREE remain: faith, hope, and love; and the greatest of these is love.



RESPONSE

Dear Duane,
We are really enjoying our communication with our friend in Montana. His letters are such a blessing to us. God bless you all.
Mrs. Randall McDavid
W. VA



In 1976 I was sentenced under the drug-law to 5-to-life, and I remember perfectly well, when the judge told me that I had broken the law and for such I had to go to prison.

He told me that my being sent to prison was so that when I was rehabilitated I would be able to return to society.

It's almost three years and in all the prisons that I have been to, I have not found what they call rehabilitation, and the minute when I entered prison, I noticed that life in prison without Christ was not worth living. And without Christ there is no way that one can remove the contaminating virus that prison and sin leave in the heart.

The reason for the following is to tell you and request that my name be included in your bulletin so that I can share my very beautiful experiences of the Lord with another Christian friend.

In Him, I pray

Fernando
New York

Just finished your paper! It's beautiful and I'm proud to know ex-convicts are able to sure a task!

I've got two requests: (1) place me on the "Visit-By-Mail" pen pal list, (2) continue to send me that paper!

I've been down 8 straight years this beef. I own 16 kids here right now! But haven't collected any draft in 3 months or so. Thanks to your paper, I'm cutting them all loose in the morning. A couple of them I'll have to continue to be the backbone for, as they are girls. But I respect them, as they are real veits, and they can do whatever they want from here on out.

I'm not going to lie and say that I'm a Christian yet, as I'm not! But I'm troubled deeply!

A long time friend of mine, ex-hit man for the Mafia, recently turned Christian. He's been out for 2½ years now, but we write regularly. He's for real! His last day here, we started to jerk down a Christian boy for preaching to us. Neither of us could stand to hear such garbage. About 4 months ago, he wrote me and told me the dude had been right! That J.C. was for real! Really messed with my mind!

I can't explain it, but lately, several real hogs here turned "real Christians." Blew everyone's wig off! Especially Security's! These men I'm speaking of are for real! Some of them waisted more men than I care to get into! Now here they are carrying a Bible and telling the same kids they were using that they love them. It's hard to believe! But bet your money no one's out there telling them they are fools! If they say it's real, it has to be so! I've stood shoulder to shoulder in death beefs with some of these men! They'd never lie to me, this I know! But it's not easy to change after being a Character all your life! I've done everything in crime exception to raping a chick. Man I'm even happy in prison and it's no playhouse!

I believe there's a God now, but it's still hard to live like he wants.

I don't know why I told you all of this junk!

All of you be cool and keep out of the joints. Show society some of us have a kind side too!

If I can help any of you anyway, just let me know! I am, your brother,

In struggle,

"Rabbit"
Louisiana

Sometime ago I wrote your Visit-By-Mail group. Since that time I have received mail from Canada, Georgia, Virginia and Lomita, California.

This is a letter of appreciation and gratitude and my sincere thanks.

Before I read your offer in your Christian paper I had no mail whatsoever. But, man, I feel that once again I belong to the human race.

Again my thanks.

God bless,

Michael
California

The Holy Spirit led me to write prisoners, much against my better judgment and my postponement. How I find that I look forward to the correspondence and it gives me an excellent chance to relate my testimony and to pass on the love of Christ. Now I find that I'd like to correspond with several more prisoners, since I enjoy writing and receiving mail.

Thank you. May God bless you and all that you are doing.

Sincerely,

Daisy
California

VOL. 2, NO. 4

Through your old ministry, "The Hollywood Free Paper", I learned about Jesus and became a Christian in 1971. Now I'd like to help you and visit a prisoner by mail. Please send me information. Thank you.

Bob
Michigan

I wanted to drop you a note to let you know how much I've enjoyed writing to a prisoner through your Visit-By-Mail program. It's been as much a blessing to me as it is to him, since he is a brother in Christ. I have "adopted" him, since he has no family of his own.

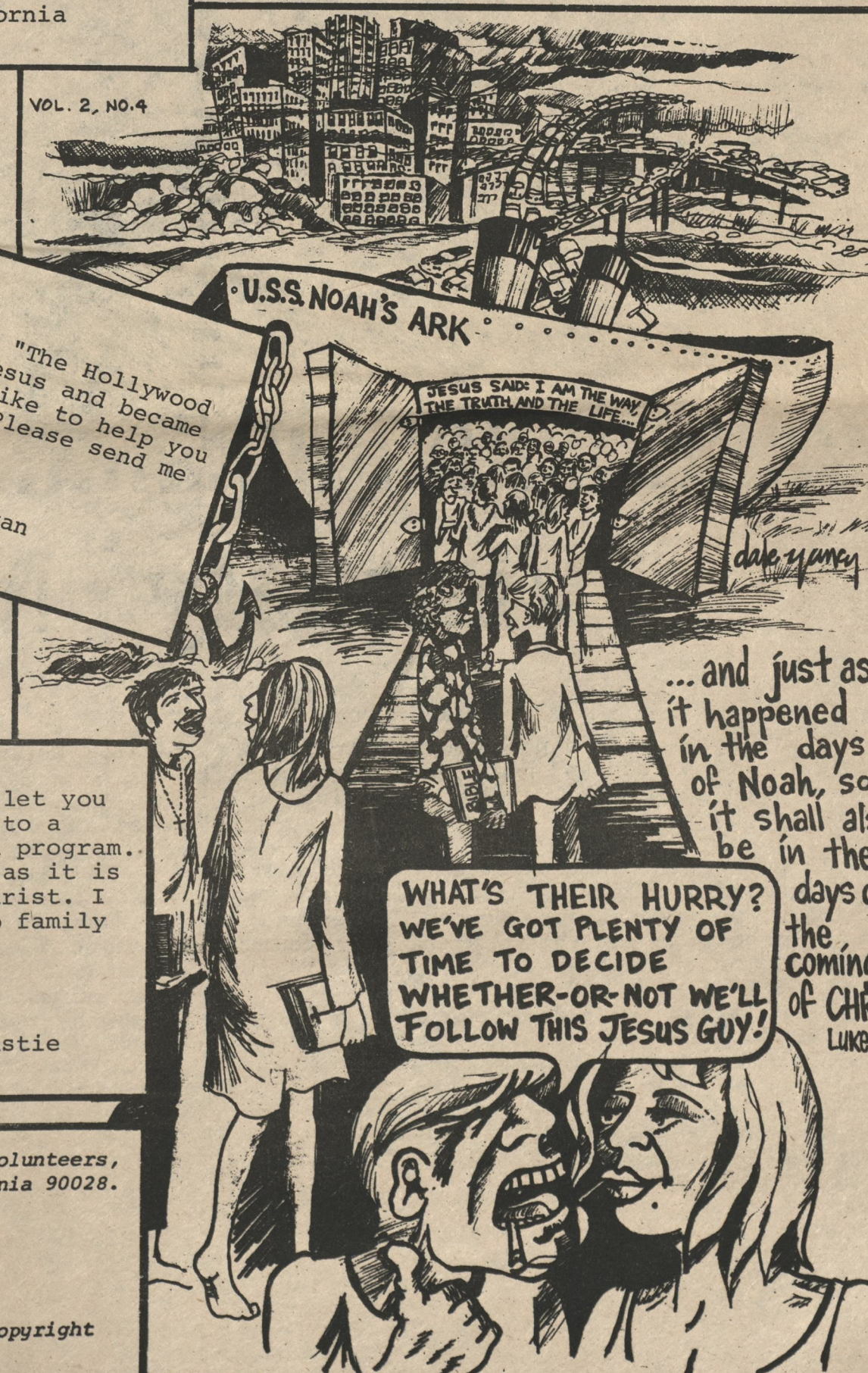
In Christ,

Dave & Kristie
Minnesota

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Bible Study By Mail

You are invited to join with thousands of others who are studying the Bible by mail.

Both of the schools listed here offer a wide variety of accredited Bible study programs. Write either or both schools for information, course descriptions and an enrollment application. There is no charge for anyone who is incarcerated.

Your study will be guided by a well qualified instructor who will give you personalized assistance and counsel.

May God bless you as you study and seek to know Christ better.

Write:

Emmaus Correspondence School
Box 822
San Leandro, CA 94577

Moody Correspondence School
820 North LaSalle Street
Chicago, IL 60610
(English & Spanish Available)

also Berean Bible Study Course
Box 3397
Riverside, CA 92519

Visit • By • Mail

Visit-By-Mail is a program of matching people inside prison and people on the outside who are both looking to develop Christian friendship by mail.

If you would like to write to a Christian on the outside, simply write us a letter telling us your name, age, special interests and anything else you think may be of interest to someone on the outside.

We will then include your name and information in our next regular bulletin, which is sent to all interested Christians who request it.

We leave the selection of your name up to the people receiving our Visit-By-Mail bulletin.

Visit-By-Mail is not a "lonely hearts club" or "match makers". Visit-By-Mail rather seeks to provide a means for Christians to

develop friendship and to fellowship by mail.

When you write your new friend follow rules of common sense, respect and good taste.

Building a new friendship is a two way street...everybody has their own thoughts, ideas and problems. Respect your new friend. Friendship is based on mutual understanding and shared common interests. Friendship based on what one person can do for or give to another person, in way of money, gifts, etc., does not last.

Make it your personal goal to understand and encourage the person you write to.

We care. We're here to help. If you have any questions write to me: Duane Pederson.

To be listed write: Visit-By-Mail
Box 1949
Hollywood, CA 90028